
ON a Christmas eve
an emigrant train
Sped on through
the blackness of night,
And cleft the pitchy dark in twin
With the gleam of its fierce headlight.

In a crowded car, a noisome place,
Sat a mother and her child;
The woman's face bore wants wan trace,
But the little one only smiled.

And tugged and pulled at her mother's dress,
And her voice had a merry ring,
As she lisped: "Now, mamma, come and guess
What Santa Claus 'll bring."

But sadly the mother shook her head,
As she thought of a happier past:
"He never can catch us here," she said,
"The train is going too fast."

"O, mamma, yes, he'll come, I say,
So swift are his little deer
They runs all over the world to-day—
I'll hang my stocking up here."

She pinned her stocking to the seat,
And closed her tired eyes,
And soon she saw each longed-for sweet
In dreamland's paradise.

On a seat behind the little maid
A rough man sat apart,
But a soft light o'er his features played,
And stole into his heart.

As the cars drew up at a busy town
The rough man left the train,
But scarce had from the steps jumped down
Ere he was back again.

And a great big bundle of Christmas joys
Bulged out from his pocket wide;
He filled the stocking with sweets, and toys
He laid by the dreamer's side.

At dawn the little one woke with a shout,
'Twas sweet to hear her glee:
"I knowed that Santa would find me out,
He caught the train you see."

Though some from smiling may scarce refrain,
The child was surely right,
The good Saint Nicholas caught the train,
And came aboard that night.

For the saint is fond of masquerade
And may fool the old and wise
And so he came to the little maid
In an emigrant's disguise.

And he dresses in many ways because
He wishes no one to know him.
For he never says "I am Santa Claus,"
But his good deeds always show him.
—Henry C. Walsh, in Youth's Companion.


WHEN Sonny was a "wee un" there came a day in which "Sonny's maw," as Pete Peculiar called her, lay still with crossed hand and closed eyes.

That day Pete's tools lay untouched on the leather-bottomed bench in the shoemaking shop, while the dead woman lay in the narrow "living" room back of the shop waiting to be cared for.

Pete put Sonny's maw away in humblest fashion. Then he quietly led the child back into the shop, and shut the door on the neighbors inquiring eyes.

When Sonny piped out with a little quaver in his voice: "Sonny ahnts nuzzer dink. Sonny dooz," and then looked around bewildered in the silence for his mother. Pete roused himself and said gently: "Yer maws wen away, Sonny. Daddy 'ull git it fer ye."

So "daddy" did all that was done for Sonny.

In the hot summer days Pete smiled and pegged busily away at the boots and shoes.

Sonny as busily sat swinging his small bare feet in the open doorway of the little shop, or playing with scraps of red leather linings.

Pete fashioned Sonny with some clumsy little aprons, and laced them up the back, like his shoes, with bits of leather strings.

Among the neighbors there was a voluble widow. She it was who had been most voluble and officious in offers of assistance to Pete when "Sonney's maw died."

But Pete Peculiar had told her gently "that he'd ruther do for Sonny's maw himself."

The widow did not understand, so she had remarked spitefully to a neighbor that "she'd thought Pete Pecoolyur ud' up he'd more fixins an style to her buryin' ennyhow."

She said furthermore that "she'd jest like ter see ef he'd go on smilin' when he hed ter 'do' ter Sonny."

So the widow held up her hands when she saw Sonny's aprons.

To all of which Pete, pegging away into the nights to pay for "Sonny's maw's" coffin that was without "style" or "fixins" to it, said not a word but worked on.

Well, Sonny grew and grew till he outgrew, among other things, sucking his thumb and the small, leather-latched aprons.

One night Pete sat up later than usual working at his bench. As he stitched away, the something in his hands was shaped into a ball covered with pieces of bright red leather.

Pete used to lift his patient blue eyes from his work whenever he heard a triumphant shout of: "Lookee, dad: lookee!" from Sonny and his baseball nine on the green in front of the shop.

Sonny's "nine" consisted of small Sonny and an imaginary eight.

For Pete smiled at the rough children of his rougher neighbors, but Sonny played alone.

When Sonny was six Pete laid down his tools one morning and called him from his play.

Then he shut the door of the shop behind them, and led wondering Sonny up the street.

Pete told the teacher when they got to the school house that: "Sonny's maw didn't git no chance, an' he never kud seem ter get uh chance hisself an' so he wanted Sonny ter get uh chance sure."

The teacher looked down at small Sonny and smiled. Sonny listened and wondered as he looked up at daddy and the teacher.

At the end of some weeks at the school house Pete, who sat mending a child's shoe one day, paused with uplifted hand as the small owner of the shoe told him that "Sonny kud larn thet air readin' like chain lightnin'."

Sonny did not play with the bits of red leather now. Night after night while "dad was peggin'," Sonny sat

PETE WAS STOOPING OVER SONNY.

near with the "readin' books" that Pete regarded with such awe.

So the days went on, pegging days for Pete as he worked and thought of Sonny's chance in a groping way. Capering days for Sonny filled with happiness, a red ball and the new "readin' books."

When Sonny was eight years old he pranced into the shop one day in early spring where Pete sat at work.

Pete looked up and smiled at Sonny and Sonny smiled back at Pete.

Then Sonny put his wonderful readin' book, away and picked up the red leather ball.

A few minutes later he had marshaled his baseball nine on the green "where dad kin see us," he said.

As Pete pegged away he heard the shouts and commands to the imaginary eight. The game progressed to a fever heat of excitement.

Sonny, with upturned, eager blue eyes and flying feet, was speeding across the green to catch the ball. Suddenly his foot struck a stone that was frozen into the ground. He fell with a heavy thud.

The sudden silence outside caused Pete to look up from his work. Then he hastily laid down the unfinished shoe.

Soon he was stooping over Sonny, who lay with closed eyes and the red ball held fast in one small hand.

At last Sonny slowly opened his eyes and looked into the face so near his own.

He tried to smile a little as he said: "Suthin' cracked in here, daddy. I heerd it crack jest here," pointing to his hip.

For answer Pete smoothed back Sonny's hair gently and said: "Daddy'll fix it for ye, Sonny. Daddy'll fix it—if he kin."

Sonny smiled faintly again and closed his eyes.

Pete carried the child into the house. Very carefully he laid him down on the bed in the "living" room. Then he hurried up the street to see about Sonny's chance.

Pete walked on till he came to a sign that was taking a swing in the spring breeze while it told the public that this was the office of one S. P. Gilbert, M. D.

There was no one in the office, so Pete sat down patiently to wait.

On the table lay an open telegram. It was dated Chicago, and read:

To Dr. S. P. Gilbert: Come at once Maurice is dying.

ELIZABETH G. PORTER.

Dr. Gilbert, coming in from one of his patients, had picked up the telegram. When he had read it he said: "Poor sister! I must go to her."

So he had gone that day to Chicago.

When Dr. Gilbert reached his sister's home he found that there was no hope for the boy's life.

The child died.

The next day the doctor returned to his patients.

He found scrawled on his order slate: "Kum ter suny at Pete Peculiars."

The doctor inquired the way and went.

Soon he was following Pete through the shop to the bed in the corner. Sonny smiled up at them as he lay with white face and patient eyes.

Sonny's smile was so like Pete's.

The doctor looked grave when he heard Pete's story.

After long weeks of patient uncomplaining little Sonny and pegging Pete, the doctor said the child could try to use his leg.

Then Pete smiled more hopefully. He began to sit up nights working away at something made of wood and leather.

They were clumsy little crutches that Pete made for Sonny. But Pete had said gently as he smoothed Sonny's hair: "Daddy'll fix 'em fer ye," and Sonny had smiled and waited.

So to Sonny they were all that a pair of crutches could be.

It was on a Christmas eve that Pete put the last touches to them. So the next day there was a merry time at Pete's, for Sonny and Pete were fond of "kelebratin" as they always called it at Christmas time.

The widow said: "That's jest like them Pecoolyurs. Who ever heerd tell of "kilebratin" at Krissmus an' havin' fire-crackers too. Pecoolyur by name an' natur I say."

For two years the sound of Sonny's voice and Sonny's crutches could be heard sometimes in the school, but more often at Pete's.

Pete had been busy lately making a pair of boots for Dr. Gilbert.

Pete had confided to Sonny "thet he wuz goin' ter mak' 'em mighty good an' lastin'." For the doctor would take no "pay."

So when Pete had finished the boots and tied them together, Sonny slung them across his shoulders and went off slowly on his crutches to carry them as a surprise to the doctor.

The doctor looked thoughtfully into Sonney's face and slily felt his pulse as he shook his hand and told him to thank Pete, but tell him to spend no more time on boots for him as these looked as if the would last forever.

To which Sonny smiled in a pleased way and replied: "Daddy said he'd mak' 'em mighty lastin'."

The next day the doctor came into Pete's and said the boots fitted him very well indeed, and that he guessed he would take another look at Sonny's leg.

When Dr. Gilbert reached his office that night he sat down to think over his day's work among his patients.

Then he picked up a pen and directed an envelope to Mrs. Elizabeth G. Porter, in care of the Maurice Porter Memorial hospital, Chicago, Ill.

The letter ran as follows:

DEAR SISTER ELIZABETH: It is with interest I read your letter telling me of your satisfactory work in the hospital. You could have erected no more lasting and useful monument to Maurice's memory than this hospital for crippled childhood.

I have at present among my patients a little child who, like your Maurice, is an only son. But his father is a poor shoemaker, and Sonny, as the boy is called, is very near to his heart.

The little fellow met with an accident about two years ago. There has resulted a complication of hip-joint disease with other troubles.

There will have to be an operation. His father cannot give him the skillful care he ought to have.

Can you take him into the hospital? If so, write me at once.

Your affectionate brother,

S. P. GILBERT, M. D.

A favorable answer came to the doctor.

So Sonny went to the hospital in care of the kind doctor.

Pete stood on the platform and looked after the receding train.

He had told the doctor in an anxious whisper just before the train left that "Sonny's maw hed allers 'lowed ter give Sonny uh chance, an' he wanted Sonny ter hev uh chance sure."

The weeks passed by patient Pete as he pegged on alone waiting to hear about Sonny's chance.

There came a brave little scrawl from Sonny.

Pete rubbed his glasses, drew the light nearer, and began to slowly spell out Sonny's words. They were these:

"I 'ud like ter see yer, daddy, ever so. my leg akes so nites an' in the mornins' an' sum afternoons, but it don't ake so *very*, daddy, not so *very*. the docktur he sez cz uh woulden leg don t no how ter ake, i wish i hed wun. Ef yer ain't peggin' kud yer kum an' smooth my har an' gimme uh drink, jest wun drink? I gess they don't never kelebrate hear coz they all ake so, only my leg don't hurt so *very* daddy.

frum Sonny."

Pete could not see the last words. He took off his glasses slowly. Then he sat very still for a long time thinking.

At last the slow smile began to creep over Pete's careworn face and he brought his hand down on his knee as he said aloud:

"Yes, thet'll be the way. Then Sonny 'ull hev uh chance, sure."

While Pete was slowly spelling out Sonny's words, Dr. Gilbert sat in his office reading the following letter:

CHICAGO, Ill.—Dear Brother: Your welcome letter came to me last week. I thank you for your continued interest in my hospital work, and I am pleased that you have been able to make it the means of interesting your children in trying to brighten a little some lives less happy than their own. Your former patient, little Sonny, now sits up a part of the day, and gets about the ward in a wheel chair.

He suffers constant pain, but is very patient and uncomplaining. We can all learn a lesson in patience and unselfishness from Sonny. The doctors expect to amputate his leg next week. If he rallies, as we hope he will, a sight of "daddy," as he calls him, would do our brave little patient much good. I leave you to tell his father of Sonny's condition. Yours, with love,

ELIZABETH G. PORTER.

DADDY AND SONNY "KELEBRATE."

A few days before Christmas two doctors stood talking in low tones beside Sonny's bed at the hospital. The amputation had taken place some weeks before. The child was asleep now. When Sonny opened his wistful blue eyes there stood his kind friend, Dr. Gilbert. Very glad Sonny was to see him. The doctor said cheerfully:

"Well, Sonny, how are you to-day, and what are you going to do to have a good time on Christmas?"

Sonny said longingly: "I 'ud *like* ter nev daddy an' kelebrate, I 'ud *like* ter ever so."

Long before light on Christmas morning a man with his arms full of bundles stood at the door of the hospital.

Sonny had turned his hot pillow over and over again on Christmas eve and laid his tired little head down with a homesick longing "ter see daddy an' kelebrate."

When Sonny opened his eyes as the light of Christmas day walked in through the window, there in a chair by the bedside was, well, what do you suppose?

It was a brand new little wooden leg that "kud never larn how ter ake," as Sonny joyfully said. That was not all. Between the toes of the wooden foot some one had put some firecrackers.

Sonny laughed, rubbed his eyes, and said: "Oh! Oh! If only daddy kud see! Just then there was a noise at the foot of the bed. Up popped another Christmas present. It was daddy.

You may be sure daddy and Sonny "kelebrated" to their hearts' content.

The nurse wrapped Sonny in blankets and put him in a wheel chair. Sonny, with shining eyes, his wooden leg clasped tightly in his thin little arms, and a lap full of firecrackers was wheeled to a sunny window by daddy's own hands.

Daddy fastened the firecrackers to the end of a long stick so that Sonny could shoot them off himself.

After awhile Dr. Gilbert came with his sister on his arm, to watch the "kelabratin."

As Pete smiled and gently smoothed back Sonny's hair, he whispered to the doctor that "mebbe Sonny kud git his chance now."

And Pete pointed to the wooden leg that Sonny still held fast in his arms.

JENNY FAIRMAN SMITH.

## FRATERNITY.

**A Sentiment Sometimes Forgotten on Other Days Than Christmas.**

How closely the sentiment of Christmas comes home to us! And why? Because it is that of fraternity. It is the day which is every year consecrated to recalling the central truth that all men are brothers. Do we sometimes forget it on other days? In London in the Whitechapel region, in New York when there is striking on the railroads, is there an active an efficient sentiment of fraternity? Is this humming city a hive of peace and good-will, and do brethren dwell together here in unity?

The burden of Christmas is fraternity. The feast of gifts commemorates the charity that never faileth. Perhaps there is not a general going to church. But the lesson of the day is preached by the thoughts and associations, by the sentiment of the day. The bells that ring on Christmas eve and chime on Christmas morning, the universal good wishing and worship of Santa Claus, they are the modern way in which we hear the notes of the angelic choir—peace on earth, good-will to men.

And, brethren — for somehow the easy chair seems to have ascended the Christmas pulpit—how much we do heed them? How much of the Christmas spirit and Christmas conduct do we carry into every other day of the year? We go out to dine, and how many of our neighbors do our tongues spare? We differ upon public questions from Doe and Roe, and how much of their characters, their motives and their lives do we leave? We know the immense poverty and suffering which starve and grouse and die all around us, and how much do we remember and relieve them? How often is that Christmas turkey which we sent to Lazarus on Christmas morning reduplicated on other mornings of the year? Peace on earth, good-will to men. It is not the lesson of one day, but of every day. It is a sentiment, but it is not sentimentality. Progress, invention, discovery, enlightenment, enormous prosperity and unprecedented wealth, they are all refuse and worthless, except as they promote peace and good-will among men.—George William Curtis, in Harper's Magazine.

## WHAT IS THE MATTER?

When I was a little one, full of delight,
I voted ol' Senty Claus jest about right,
An' ust to lay thinkin' how good he must be
To fill up the stockin's for youngsters like me,
And likewise for them in the by-ways of earth
Whose days hev a scarceness of comfort an' mirth;
He'd hunt up their chimneys an' down he would go—
I read in the story-books how it was so.

But sence I am older—how old I won't say—
Ol' Senty, I find that you've got a new way
Of lavishin' most of your goods on the great,
Forgittin' the children of lowly estate;
A way w'ich is quite unbecomin' a saint
(You needn't git mad an' declare that you ain't!)
It grieves me to know it, an' yet it is true—
Oh, Senty Claus! What is the matter of you?

If any one ought 'o be careless of rank,
Of houses an' land an' of stock in the bank;
If anyone shouldn't be careless an' cold
To them that is fast in hard poverty's hold;
If any one ought 'o be perfectly sure
Whoever's forgot that it shan't be the poor,
It's you, that's appointed to bring us good cheer
At Chris'mus, w'ich comes only oncet in the year!
Yit, somehow, your duty you don't seem to do—
Oh, Senty Claus! What is the matter of you?
—Mrs. George Archibald, in Judge.

—Santa Claus (to new deputy)—"Say, see here! What sort of a break was that you made in Chicago? I hear that only one girl in the whole city found anything in her stocking." New Deputy—"The deuce! Why, the first house I came to I concluded all the girls had clubbed together, so I dumped the whole Chicago consignment into that stocking."—Chas. F. Lummis.

—Reasonable Doubt.—Blenkinsop—"Don't fret, my boy, Santa Claus won't forget you." Tommy Blenkinsop—"That's all right, dad; I ain't afraid he'll forget the tin whistle I asked for, but I can't help being a trifle nervous about his recollecting the bicycle and watch and chain."—Christmas Puck.

—The earliest mention of holly in connection with Christmas embellishment is a carol in its praise written about 1450 and preserved in the Harleian manuscripts.

—It is a rule for Christmas to come only once a year, but it is a good rule to go buy.—Philadelphia Times.

## DASTARDLY DEED.

**A Family Murdered in Florida—Fiendish Atrocity of the Deed—No Clew to the Murderer.**

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Dec. 14.—It has been impossible to establish telegraph communication with those at the scene of the quadruple tragedy near New Smyrna, but the following facts however are well authenticated: The scene of the murders was the house of Frank J. Packwood, in the center of an orange grove on the banks of Hillsborough river, eight miles south of New Smyrna. Packwood is a native of Louisiana, but had lived near New Smyrna for nearly fifteen years. The names of the persons murdered are: Miss A. H. Bruce, of New York city; Frank Bruce Packwood, 4 years old, son of F. J. Packwood; Mrs. T. D. Hatch and her boy 6 years old.

The house was entered Friday night through a window, the intruder breaking the sash and glass in order to gain an entrance. A ghastly sight met the eyes of the first visitors to the premises next morning. In one corner of the main room on the floor lay the body of Mrs. Hatch shot through the left eye. In the same room lying on the bed was the body of her son, shot under the left eye and with his throat cut from ear to ear. In an adjoining room, lying on the floor, was the body of Frank Packwood, shot through the head and with his throat also cut. In the same room, lying upon the bed was the body of Miss Bruce. Her person had been outraged and her skull and face had been broken in with some heavy weapon. Her face had also been shot through and her throat cut. At the entrance of the broken window a large revolver was found, two chambers of which had been emptied. On the bed by the side of the body of Miss Bruce lay a double barreled shotgun with the stock broken into splinters. On the bed near the body of the Hatch boy lay a long bladed butcher knife.

No clew to the murderers has yet been found, but tramps seen in the neighborhood are suspected. A large posse, headed by Deputy Sheriff Dimick, started to scour the country for the murderers.

Robbery was undoubtedly the purpose of the murderers, but the extent of their plunder is as yet unknown. Some of the occupants of the Packwood house had been there only a few days and the amount of money and valuables they had in their possession is a matter of conjecture.

## BELLIGERENT FOREIGNERS.

**They Defy the Sheriff and Several of Them Get Killed.**

DENVER, Col., Dec. 14.—About two weeks ago 500 Austrian and Italian miners of the Colorado Coal & Iron Co. at Crested Butte struck against a reduction in wages and refused to allow the company to bring in new men, stopped the pumps and fans at the works and allowed them to fill with gas until there was danger of the mine blowing up and paraded the streets heavily armed, threatening death to any one who should attempt to assist the company in any manner.

Friday Sheriff Shares, of Gunnison, went there with a posse of twenty-five men for the purpose of taking possession and guarding the mines. No sooner had he and his men alighted from the train than they were attacked by about 200 armed Sicilians and Austrians, who began firing from their Winchester rifles.

The sheriff held his men for a moment and then ordered them to return the fire, which they did with deadly effect, killing five Italians—Mike Copuicine, Mike Minelon, Mike Guerclo, Mike Warn and John Poche—and fatally wounding George Simonich and Matt Grannk, two Austrians.

After the firing the miners retreated and the sheriff's posse marched up the hill and took possession of the mines and threw up redoubts. The miners are swearing revenge upon every friend of the coal company and the town of Crested Butte is upon the verge of a riot. Further trouble is feared, which, if started, will result in many deaths.

**Circus Troupe Drowned.**

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—It is thought that the twenty-five members of Lowande's circus have been drowned somewhere off the north coast of South America. Among them was one of the Misses Stickney, a rider. The Lowande family was a large one and all were circus performers. Martinho Lowande was the head of the family. He was a famous bareback rider. During the summer he usually showed in country towns of the United States, and in the winter he took his troupe to South America. Recently he was showing in the West Indies, having chartered a small schooner in which to sail from island to island. It is reported that the schooner was struck by a cyclone and completely wrecked.

**More Rioting in Ireland.**

DUBLIN, Dec. 14.—Michael Davitt, the famous Irish leader was wounded during a riot in Waterford city yesterday. He and Mr. William O'Brien had gone to Waterford to support the candidature of Mr. Keane, the nominee of the McCarthyites for the seat in parliament, made vacant by the death of Richard Power. Mr. Keane's opponent is Mr. Redmond, a member of the Parnell wing of the Irish party. Mr. Davitt was strongly urged by the McCarthyites to stand for Waterford, but he declined to do so and in consequence of his refusal Mr. Keane was made the nominee.

**New Form of Grip.**

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 14.—A peculiar malady prevails in this city, which the doctors pronounce a new form of grip. The victim is first attacked with shooting pains through the limbs, and as these increase in severity they settle in the muscles, producing soreness to the touch. The trouble lodges in the joints, and the sufferer thinks he has sciatica. The pain is not confined to any one section, but jumps about, preferring the thigh. The doctors say the trouble is muscular and neuralgic, and is epidemic. There is a very little influenza, nor are there any other features of the old grip noticeable to any extent.

## STOCK ITEMS.

Sows that are suckling young pigs should be fed all that they will eat up clean.

Neglecting to feed properly is one cause of failing to secure a good growth of wool.

A bunch of sheep uniform in age, breed, size and color, will sell readily at good prices.

No matter how good the breed, unless good feed and care is given, they will degenerate.

In some localities the lambs are the most profitable part of the flock, selling for more than the matured animals.

Pigs fed in close pens should have their food at regular intervals and be only given what they will eat up at each meal.

If the sheep are fed roughness in a lot, movable ricks will be found very convenient, in order to be able to feed in clean places.

Keep woolly sheep if they are are to be made profitable. A very few pounds difference in the average weight of the fleeces will often determine the question of profit or loss.

Keep the mangers and feeding ricks cleaned out. What is left in them can generally be used to a good advantage as bedding for stock. It rarely pays to compel stock to eat what they have picked over.

An English paper says: A stallion should be so trained that he can be taken out in any company or driven on the road without squealing and pranceing to show that he is a stallion. Stable manners and road manners can be taught to a horse as well as to a child. What he needs to be taught is that he is a horse and should act like a sensible, tractable one.

The early part of December is a good time to breed the sows for spring pigs. This is especially the case with young sows that are to farrow for the first time. This will bring them to farrow in the early part of April, and in many cases this season is preferable to March, as usually the weather is more settled, and by the time the pigs get large enough to eat grass will have made a start to grow so as to furnish them considerable food.

It is not necessary in wintering hogs that you have nothing less than a hundred-dollar house for them. Hogs have been wintered in a frame shed with straw covering, and they came out in just as good shape in spring as hogs which were wintered in more costly houses. The main essentials are warmth and cleanliness. A good hog house can be made comfortable by building a frame work the size required and covering it with straw several feet deep.

## FARM NOTES.

Fresh, coarse manure should not be applied on the strawberry bed on account of weed seeds.

One advantage with both ducks and geese is that they are much freer from disease than other fowls.

There is no advantage in allowing fruit trees to grow tall; it makes the fruit inconvenient to gather.

If the water stands in any places in the fields, it will pay to run out the furrows so as to provide good drainage.

If fowls are in a good thrifty condition, ten days' good feeding of all they will eat is sufficient to fatten for market.

Plan to secure good yields. Better a less acreage and a larger yield per acre, than a large acreage and a light yield.

In mulching strawberries, care should be taken not to apply too thick, as there is danger of smothering the plants.

With the majority of fruits, there is little danger of getting the soil too rich. In too many cases it is not rich enough.

It is not the largest fowls that bring the best prices per pound; good medium fowls that are in a good condition sell the best.

The cleaner the orchard or garden can be made this fall, the less the number of pests that will find a harboring place there.

When trees are to be planted out in the spring, more or less of the work of preparing the soil can be done during the winter and lessen the work in the spring.

Generally the best plan is to procure fruit trees from the nursery nearest to the place where they are to be planted. Trees from a distance nearly always need to be acclimated.

In spite of the many new breeds, Plymouth Rocks retain their place as a first-class, serviceable fowl for all uses. They are good layers, good sitters, grow rapidly into "spring chickens" and feed up well for the winter market.

A "pickle farm" in the vicinity of Chicago comprises 150 acres. All its products are converted into pickles, and the immense vats on the grounds now hold 14,000 bushels of silver skin onions and 25,000 bushels of cucumbers. Sauer kraut is also made, and 200 tons of horseradish are ground up every year.

A well conducted poultry farm will pay well, but poultry can be made more profitable to the farmer than even the exclusive poultry grower. The farmer grows his own feed, both vegetables and grain, and has ample time in winter to care for his flocks and with care and good quarters there is no question about an abundance of eggs.

**Notes.**

The pecan is a pretty and hardy tree, and will thrive anywhere the hickory does. It will repay cultivation in quick bearing and quality and quantity of the fruit.

All kinds of feathers are marketable, but to sell to the best advantage they should be kept separate when packed.

Breed and feed for the top of the market; it is this class of stock that returns the best profit.

It is not a good plan to allow the poultry to feed too much in the manure piles, especially fowls that are nearly ready to market.